

THE MARBLE HILL PRESS.

TWENTIETH YEAR.

The columns of THE PRESS are always free
to the people of the county for the discussion
of questions of local interest.

Floods have almost ruined portions of Texas, the property damage being estimated at \$2,000,000 or more.

The return of Captain Dreyfus to France and his almost certain complete acquittal, after four years confinement, causes great rejoicing throughout the civilized world.

The gold combination can afford to contribute liberally to the republican campaign fund next year because the success of the republican party in this country is absolutely necessary to the success of the gold trust in completing an industrial conquest of the world.

The cost of waging an unrighteous war of conquest against the Filipinos has already reached more than one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. It will cost many times this amount to conquer the natives and establish the sovereignty of the United States in the archipelago, and it will require the presence of fifty thousand troops on the islands at all times to hold the inhabitants in subjection to a hated ruler. Benevolent assimilation is an expensive luxury.

If the gold trust can force the United States to base its enormous internal commerce—equal to that of one-third of the entire world—upon the supply of that metal alone, it will cause the value of gold to double in the next twenty years as it has done during the past twenty. This will double the wealth of the men who hold one hundred and fifty billions of bonds against the nations, states and people of the earth by giving to the principal and interest of their bonds a purchasing power of things in general double what it is at the present time.

If President McKinley was the representative of the American people and expected further political preferment at their hands instead of relying upon the funds furnished by the trusts and monopolies to secure for him a reelection, he would not have rushed our small and inadequate army into the jaws of death, taking unwarranted chances upon the lives and health of his men as has been done, but would have waited for the action of congress in the premises, and if a movement against the insurgents was finally determined upon, would provide a sufficient force to overpower the enemy without disabling and ruining the health of our own army.

HON. A. M. DOCKERY, who is a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor, is making a clean and manly canvass of the state. He is riding no bobbies, but is standing clearly on his record as a democrat. He is not trying to secure the support of the disgruntled democrats by crying "down with the Jefferson City ring," he is not making war on any man, or set of men, but asks the support of all. This "Jefferson City ring" cry is all rot, but is being worked very hard by the opponents of Mr. Dockery, but the people will not be humbugged by such claptrap. It looks very much now like it would be Dockery on the first ballot.—Fredericktown Democrat News.

The climax of the most sensational convention in the history of Kentucky was reached June 27, when state Senator William Goebel was declared the democratic nominee for governor. After one week's continuous session, marked at times by outbreaks, whose intensity seemed to augur riots in the immediate present and the split up of the party as a natural consequence, the nomination of Goebel was finally accomplished with harmony and the best of good feeling prevailing.

There are, of course, disappointments, but these are of politicians, and of certain influences, which have fought Goebel so bitterly, but there are no disappointments of the people, as will be shown when the ballots are cast this fall.

London's 55,000,000 Population.
The human population of London is one of the wonders of the world, but still more marvelous is its animal population.

Canceled in its walls, drains and sewers are from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 mice and from 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 rats.

To prevent these from multiplying into millions and eating the people out of house and home there are 1,000,000 cats and 200,000 dogs. Of domestic fowl and pigeons there are over 5,000,000, and a careful computation shows that within the boundaries of the metropolis there are 12,000,000 sparrows, thrushes, blackbirds and other birds of all kinds.

Of fishes in the various ponds and lakes, aquaria, and in private homes, there are from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000.

And of horses, donkeys, mules,

cows, goats and sheep there is a total of 300,000.

This makes the immense total of 42,000,000 to 49,000,000 of animals of all kinds. Add the 6,500,000 human beings and you have from 48,500,000 to 55,500,000 living animals within the metropolitan radius, not to speak of the thousands of millions of worms, flies, bees, wasps, butterflies and the like.—New York Telegram.

PERKINS CREEK.

Here I am with the creek's drippings.

Health is reasonably good. Uncle Henry Myers, who has been sick so long, is some better at this writing.

John Ford has moved the stakes out of his corn rows.

Noah Mouser is contemplating going into the mercantile business in the town of Hahn soon.

A protracted meeting, to be conducted by Rev. W. A. Davault, is expected soon.

Joseph Baxter attended children's services at Liberty church Sunday and reports a good time.

Marion Mouser and wife went to Lutesville Saturday.

We had a nice rain Saturday and we needed it.

I will close for this time. Wishing you continued success, I remain your friend.

New Bov.

HAHN.

We can still boast on our settlement for health and prosperity.

Jim Cap will carry the mail from Hahn to Zalma beginning on July 1st, for the next coming four years.

Alfred Shelt went to Zalma Saturday on business.

Joseph Roberts, Willis Bolin and Elisha Baker of the creek went to Marble Hill Saturday on business.

Hiram Fowler is traveling agent for a portrait house and is doing a good business.

There will be children's day at Palmer chapel Sunday.

People are very busy cleaning out their corn.

L. B. Perkins made a flying trip to Castor Sunday.

Minor Deck went fishing Saturday but failed to catch a large string.

Frank Wiseman now has ten wheels for his wagon and is trying to trade for two more, then he will be able to haul on a large scale.

John Lee will soon quit working for "Uncle Sam."

John Herold was in our town on business Saturday.

Mrs. Eva Baker, of Marble Hill, who has been visiting her parents the last week, returned home Sunday with her husband.

COUNTY TREASURER.

Here are a few items from this vicinity:

The corn crop looks in fair condition, but there are lots of chinch bugs; clover very short; grass not much better; wheat a finer crop than we anticipated; apples very faulty and small; early potatoes are good and gardens look fine.

Business is dull and money scarce and we are patiently waiting for that promised "wave of prosperity" the g. o. p. is to furnish, and certain it will come—later on.

We democrats, in this end of the county, are for Dockery for governor.

Some of our republican friends I am told, say that Mr. Vandiver is too honest and conscientious for a politician, especially a member of congress; but I say elect him again, no difference about his conscience not being gold plated.

Eli Seabaugh, Eli Hahn and others commenced threshing Tuesday. Wheat is turning out well, with good grain.

Bollinger's machine is in the neighborhood of Jackson and D. R. Seabaugh's is also in Cape Girardeau county.

Rev. C. C. Lively says that he has engaged Prof. T. A. Caldwell to assist him in the academy and training school next term.

Several cases of chills and some malarial fever in the last ten days.

Wishing The Press success and the old man good luck.

A CRITIC.

A Unique Eye Test.

Here is an instructive eye test. Is your right the stronger, or your left eye?

You are right-handed; are you also right-eyed? asks the Philadelphia Times.

Make this test and see. Place an object of about two inches in diameter, perfectly round, on a level with your eyes and move back from it to a distance of ten feet. Then take sight over your finger pointing the objective point and the tip of the finger are exactly in line with the eye from which you are sighting.

Now open the other eye. With both your eyes open, has the objective point moved to one side? If not the eye with which your first sighting is the stronger, since the addition of the other's vision does not divert the complete vision from the original focus of the one eye.

If the objective does move to one side it proves that the weaker eye has done its first sighting, which the stronger eye has diverted as soon as it has opened.

Perhaps there is very little difference in your eyes. Take sight as before, but with both eyes open. Now close the left eye. How far out of line is the right eye?

Now take sight again with both eyes open. Close your right eye. How far out of line is the left eye?

Whoever is the farther out in these two tests is the weaker eye. If you are strongly right-eyed the right eye will hold firmly to the objective point which has been found by both eyes together when it is left to view the object alone.

If you are strongly left-eyed, vice versa.

A Novel Decision.

Squire Henry Grelle of Belthoover is attracting some attention as a magistrate. He administers justice impartially in his home, and, while some of his decisions may not be according to the books, still they carry the force of originality, says the Pittsburg News. Squire Grelle does not like lawyers. He believes that they stir up too much trouble by dragging musty old books into his office and insisting that he follow the precedents they dig from them. He has the full approval of his constituents. His justice is the sort that is equitable between man and man, and not that misnamed stuff that depends on the technicalities of law books for a standing.

One of Squire Grelle's early cases was brought against a friend of his who was accused of cruelty to animals. The man had been bothered by a vicious dog and he shot at it. The bullet cut a piece off its tail, but did no other harm. The trial attracted a large crowd. There was conflicting evidence as to the dog. Some of the witnesses said it was a gentle animal and others declared that it ought to be killed.

"I will reserve my decision until next week," said the squire, after he had heard the testimony.

He was not satisfied as to the dog, and, while he had the case under consideration, he made some inquiries in the neighborhood. He learned that the dog was a bad one. But the maining of it by depriving it of a part of its tail was undoubtedly a cruel act, and he did not see how he could get over that, even to favor his friend.

When the day came for him to give his decision, it was evident to the crowd that he had gathered in his office that he had made up his mind. He called the defendant up.

"You admit shootin' this dog?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, squire, but that dog is—"

"Dot will do. Sid down," and he called the owner of the dog forward.

"Your dog is a bad dog," he said to him.

"No, he isn't, squire," said the man; "he's as gentle as—"

"Dot will do. Sid down. I have my mind made up. I fine the defendant \$1 and costs for shooting dot dog."

There was applause from the side of the room on which the friends of the dog were gathered.

"Order, order," commanded the squire. "I haf not finished. I will fine the defendant \$1 and costs for shooting dot dog, but I will gif him von more shot at the dog."

Clear Grit all Through.

"Of course," remarked the newspaper man, who had seen service in Cuba, "it is almost a chesnut now to talk of the nerve displayed by our wounded soldiers at Santiago, but I came across an instance one day that was unusual. Lying outside of a tent, waiting his turn patiently, he had been there several hours, was an extremely bright young fellow I had known at home. He was half dozing when I first discovered him, but in an instant, on hearing my voice, he opened his eyes and feebly held out his left hand, smiling.

"By Jove, old boy," I said, "I am sorry to see you here. Are you much hurt?"

"I don't know how much," he answered, with considerable effort, but apparently not much pain, "but it is very frequently. Look me over a minute and see for yourself."

"I had had some experience in that sort of work, and after a short inspection I found half a dozen bullet holes through his limbs and body, not counting an occasional scratch.

"You must have been in the very thickest of it," I said encouragingly.

"That's where we tried to be," he replied with pride. "How many times was I hit—six?"

"That's my count."

"That was mine, but I wasn't snee. You see, I had to guess at some of them."

"How do you feel?"

"Well, as without need to say about wounded garments, I guess I feel a little more holy than right-eyes."

"You'll pull through all right, old fellow," I said, cheerfully, for his courage really gave me courage.

"I don't know about that, and I'm not worrying over it one way or the other. That's what we're here for, and if we get chucked it's all right. I had a funny little thought about a half-hour ago. I thought I had got my discharge and was over on the other side, and, knowing that I didn't have any letters around the pearls portalingizing them up to see if there was any chance for me to break in, when St. Peter opened the gate and saw me. 'Hello, Jim,' says he, 'what's all those holes in you?' 'Bullets,' says I. 'What kind?' says he. 'Dons,' says I. 'Is that so?' says he. 'Well, come right in. You never would have passed otherwise, but we're needing a batch in the hall, and we'll just put pegs in the holes and make you do till we find something better. Come on in.' And, by gum, I was glad the Dons had punctured my tire the way they did. I wonder if it will come true."

"Whether it did or not," concluded the narrator, "no man knows, but before two weeks had passed Jim had gone to see."

Further on in his article we find

Disposition of Surplus Funds Derived From the Sale of Land for Taxes.

The Bollinger County Times, in its issue of June 29th, opens its grog-besmeared chops and spews out a lot of slush in regard to school funds. It says: Since the March term of Circuit court \$78 arising from the sale of tax lands have been paid into the county treasury.

He further states that \$72 more could have been saved had the collector complied with section 309, which reads as follows:

"In procuring the publication of any law, proclamation, order or notice as in the next preceding section mentioned, the public officers shall accept of the most advantageous terms that can be obtained, not exceeding the rates limited in the preceding section."

Now, let us see what advantage would be gained by giving this work to the Times, as he seems so very anxious to have it:

I will first look at some of the advantages gained while the editor of the Times had this work.

I find by examining the records that he charged from \$30 to \$45 per tract for advertising and publishing. This looks like he was interested in the welfare of the county at that time and was very ardently representing the interests of the people—all of the people, of course.

Again, should he be given the work, what assurance have I that it would be done?

Was he not so drunk not long since, that he failed to get out one issue of his paper?

Suppose that issue had contained the last publication of a lot of tax sales. What would have been the result? Evidently the land could not have been sold for want of legal publication.

Again, has he not been known to be so beastly drunk that parties for whom he had published notices had to hunt him up, arouse him out of his drunken stupor and conduct him to a magistrate in order that he might be able to make affidavit to his publication, all because he was so much interested in the welfare of the people—all of the people, of course.

Again, has he not been seen, by some of the best people of this town and in the dead hours of night, to unlock the door of a business house, go in and carry away goods, without a thought of paying for them.

This is the fellow who stands up before you, and, in the name of the people, tells you that he is for the people.

Great heavens! Is this a manifestation of love for the people?

This is the fellow who has so often driven his family from home and then stands up, when not too drunk, and posing as a great philanthropist, tells you that his love goes out for the people—THE WHOLE PEOPLE, of course.

Wonder if this pretended fountain of love embraces her who vowed to the altar to be to him a kind, devoted and loving wife and which vow hath never been broken. Wonder if this so-called fountain embraces her, who comes of one of the most honorable and highly respected families of Bollinger county.

That wife who has often been seen, with aunt and downcast looks, driven away from that place which God, in his goodness, intended should be her earthly paradise. Wonder if this fountain of love embraces her?

Well might this family sing:

"Father, we hear of showers of love, Thou art scattering fire for all, Showers, the sorrowing ones refresh, Do on us let some dew fall."

Oh what a wonderful exhibition of love; when a fellow will work for the people for nothing, and all of the people at that, and then depend on nocturnal foraging for his support.

Behold this modern Moses! Yea more than a Moses! This deliverer of the people—all of the people, of course, both Jew and Gentile, saint and sinner.

Great heavens! Is this a manifestation of love for the people?

This is the fellow who has never visited the section of country from whence he came, because of the fact that a party of citizens are waiting in readiness to entertain him with a necktie reception.

In conclusion I wish to state that this fellow has a bid on file with me to do the advertising of tax lands for \$2 per tract, publishing each tract in eight issues of his paper.

Now, how many men are ready to stand up and say that an editor can make an honest living at such prices? I, for one, don't believe that he can, and I never feel disposed to employ a man at wages that would force him to steal, I refused to give him the work, as I did not wish to assume any part of the responsibility for the manner in which he would necessarily be forced to make a living outside such meager wages.

In the language of the Times editor: this man does not sound very popular, nevertheless it is facts, and this is the long and short of it. I, like this modern Moses, am not a candidate for popularity, and even if I were I could not afford to invest much for him in his services considering the litigation which is likely to arise over the question of title to him.

Will close by saying that this is merely an introduction, and, if any thing more is wanted, I keep a full stock on hand.

W. B. YOUNG.

NO AUTHORITY FOR CHANGE OF NAME AT MARRIAGE.

A woman named Julia in Colorado, who was recently married, asked the Attorney General what remedy she could avail herself of in the future. He has replied that she must sign all documents as before her marriage, for he finds no law compelling her even authorizing a woman to drop her maiden name on the simple announcement of marriage. In fact, he says that there is no authority for a change of name at marriage or at any time.

Further on in his article we find

this mug-headed ape telling you people that "this infernal cry of suppress it, suppress it, has become tiresome and monotonous." Now, do you actually believe that he opposes suppression of facts? No, indeed; his article itself condemned the statement. This article, like all others that he writes, is a suppression of facts from start to finish. Why does he not tell the people that this surplus money, as provided by law, must be deposited in the county treasury for 20 years; at the end of which period, if no one claims it, it reverts to the use and benefit of the county public school fund?

Why does he not tell you the whole truth instead of saying "after a specified time" and then conclude with the statement that the county treasury is \$72 short—has to do all intents and purposes been robbed of \$72? Why does he not tell you that up to the present time not one single dollar of this surplus money has ever remained in the Treasury long enough to revert to the permanent use of the public school fund? Why, we ask, does he not give the real facts in the case? Because of the fact, good people, that he is one of the most ardent believers in suppression you ever saw or read of.

Why? you may ask. Because he knows that had it not been for the suppression of facts he, to-day, would be serving a term within Jefferson City prison walls wearing a striped suit instead of so lovingly representing the interests of the people—all of the people, of course.

Oh consistency! thou art a jewel which hath never adorned the mug of the Times editor. Who is this selfconstituted, philanthropic deliverer of the people?

This, good people, is the fellow who, we are reliably informed, has been seen, at the dead of night, to unlock the door of a business house of this town and go in and carry away goods, without a thought of paying for them.

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Content.

All day I've been a workin' hard Down in the blue-grass medder, A plowin' up the mealy loam, An' musin' sorter, whether I'd better put in oats this year Or plant the field with barley; An' cogitatin' like, betwixt I'm havin' quite a parley.

The April sun is mighty warm, An' down behind the holler I see a crocus pushin' up Its creamy buds of yaller;

The fros', I hope, has left the ground, An' spring seems really here, Old Nature dandles in her lap, The smilin' baby year.

The sleepy silence broken by The sheep bells on the hill, An' all the world seems lay like, An' kinder soft an' still; I heard a robin singin' shrill, An' see a jay sail by—

It seems like Nature's wondrous kind, To sech poor trash ez I.

For I'm homes', jest ez happy Ez a cat-bird on a tree, An' I can't help a singin' For the very life of me;

An' the tiful, fannin, breezes From the southland seem to play, And make me feel like laughin' In a most amusin' way.

Ez the sun to-night was settin', In a purpish bank of gold, An' the cattle was a lowin', An' the sheep was in the fold;

Ez I looked across the lowlands, Where the silver river lies, An' I thought of all our boundin' Till a mist came o'er my eyes.

For the Lord is free with mercies, An' with blessings generous, too; An' in His kind benevolence He brought me safely through;

A happy home, a humble roof, An' plenty's been my lot— Outside of Eden never was A more contented spot.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A Discouraged Outlook.

"Do you believe we ever shall really have universal peace?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why? Don't you think the nations can be got to agree to disarm?"

"Oh, I don't know. It may be possible to get them to do that, but men and women will probably keep on getting married."—Chicago Times-Herald.

OUT AND WHISKY.

If the Whisky Trust has been swallowed by the Standard Oil, as has been declared, it must be regarded as a mere matter of business which can not interfere with the pronounced religious convictions of the most prominent members of the oil monopoly. Perhaps it is the purpose of the devout men of the Standard to make the price of whisky so high that the masses can not afford to drink it.—Indianapolis Journal.

He Forgot.

They were celebrating the silver wedding, and of course the couple were the guests of honor.

"Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I ever loved. I shall not forget the first time I proposed to her."

"How did you do it? burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in a corner. They all laughed and he blushed, but the girl carried it off bravely.

"Well, I remember as well as if it were yesterday. It was at Richmond. We had been out for a picnic, and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember, my dear?"

"The wife nodded.

"She began writing in the dust, with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet, don't you?"

The wife nodded again.

"She wrote her name, Minnie, and I said: 'Let me put the other name to it.' And I took the parasol and wrote my name,